reur " it struck me that the careless stage-nianagenient utterly ruined the play, and I could not bear to see Duse as Adrienne beautifully dressed while the Princess and the other Court ladies wore cheap red velveteen and white satin and brought the pictorial level of the performance down to that of a " fit-up " or booth.

Who could mention " Miss Sarah " (my own particular name for her) as being present at a supper-party without saying something about her by the way! Still, I have been a long time by the way. Now for Romeo and Juliet!

At that zooth-night celebration I saw Mrs. Langtry in evening dress for the first time, and for the first time realised how beautiful she was. Her neck and shoulders kept me so busy looking that I could neither talk nor listen,

" Miss Sarah " and I have always been able to understand one another, although I hardly know a word of French and her English is scanty. She too, liked my Juliet —she and Henry Irving ! Well, that was charming, although I could not like it myself, except for my " Cords " scene, of which I shall always be proud.

My dresser, Sarah Holland, came to me, I think, during " Rorneo and Juliet." I never had any other dresser at the Lyceum except Sally's sister *"Lizzie,* who dressed me during the first few years. Sally stuck to me loyally until the Lyceum days ended. Then she perceived *' a divided duty.[1]* On one side was " the Guv'nor " with *c the Guv'nor's" valet Walter, to whom she was devoted; on the other was a precarious in and out job with

me, for after the Lyceum I never knew what I was going to do next. She chose to go with Henry, and it was she and Walter who dressed him for the last time when he lay dead in the hotel bedroom at Bradford.

Sally Holland's two little daughters " walked on " in